BLIZZARD WAS KING

The Metropolis Helpless Under Snow.

HARDLY A WHEEL TURNS

Business Knocked Flat as if by a Panic.

PLAYS, TRIALS, FUNERALS, ALL POSTPONED.

Fifty Train Loads of Passengers Stuck on the Main Lines.

WHERE THEY ARE, HEAVEN KNOWS.

A Wonderful Change in Our Ways of Living and Moving Sprung on Us in a Night.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS OUT.

MIGHTY LITTLE NEWS GOT INTO TOWN OR GOT OUT OF IT.

GOING TO LET UP NOW

The Elevated Roads After a Day's Paralysis Get a Half Hold Again on Travel.

It was as if New York had been a burning candle upon which nature had clapped a snuffor leaving nothing of the city's activity but a struggling ember.

At little after 12 o'clock on Sunday night, or Monday morning, the severe rain that had been pelting down since the moment of the opening of the church doors suddenly changed to a sleet storm that plated the sidewalks with ice. Then began the great storm that is to become for years a household word, a symbol of the worst of weathers and the limit of nature's

possibilities under normal conditions, At a quarter past 6 o'clock, when the ex-tremely modified sunlight forced its way to orth, the seens in the two great cities that the bridge unites was remarkable beyond any winter sight remembered by the people. The streets were blocked with snowdrifts. The car tracks were hid, horse cars were not in the range of possibilities, a wind of wild velocity was burdened with soft, wet, clinging snow. only here and there was a wagon to be seen. only here and there a feebly moving man.

The wind howled, whistied, banged, roared and mosned as it rushed along. It fell upon the house sides in fearful gusts, it strained great plate gines windows, rocked the frame houses, pressed against doors so that it was ble, substantial wind, so freighted was it with are it shot along in great blocks it rose and fell and corkscrewed and zigzagged and played merry havoe with everything it could swing or batter or bang or carry away.

It was Monday morning, when a day of rest from shopping had depleted the larders in no butcher wagons, no basket-laden grocer boys, no bakers' carriers. In great districts no attempt was made to deliver the morning papers. The cities were paralyzed.

Few of the women who work for their living sould get to their worl; places. Never, perhaps. in the history of petticoats was the imbediity of their designer better illustrated. "To get here I had to take my skirts up and clamber through the snowdrifts." said a washwoman when she came to the house of the reporter who writes this. She was the only mesnger from the world at large that reached that house up to half past 10 o'clock. "With my dress down I could not move ball a block. It was so with thousands of women; the thoud few who did not turn back when they had started out. Thus women were seen to cross in front of THE SUN office and at many of the busiest corners up town. But all the women in the streets assembled together would have made a small showing. They are said to be much averse to staying in, but they

stayed in as a rule yesterday.

At half past 10 o'clock not a dozen stores on business. Men were making wild efforts to low blown back upon them and piled against

Have the girls come?" an employer asked

"Girls!" said the porter. "I have not seen a woman blow through Fulton street since I've

The street was dead. Here and there a truck moved laboriously, but more trucks were stuck in drifts and the horses were being led away om them. The elevated roads were running trains semi-occasionally at this early hour and mainly over only certain parts of their routes. Only one East River ferry, the Fulton. was making its trips. The Brooklyn elevated was chock-a-block with an engine broken wn and a solid line of trains from the ferry oss. A dense mass of men were packed in the Brooklyn depot, and a shuttle train, run by a dummy, was pecking dainty mouthfuls at of the great multitude, running now and then. The cable whirred along, but it neve ould have done to hitch cars to it. That would simply have been to have the grips torn out of the car bottoms. The attendants would not allow any man to attempt to walk over the

The Fulton ferryboats picked their way across the turbulent river as blind men grope without their sticks. The water was black and sterous, the air above it white and roaring. When a boat would hold not another passenger states out into the storm. The States

Island boats ran in a desperate effort to mind their time table. Nothing was ever known to make any difference to a Staten Island boat except when the Westfield burst her boiler in 1871. The Jersey ferries, at least those that wharf down town, ran as best they could, and they brought unofficial rumors that not a rail-road wheel was turning in New Jersey.

You could not see New Jersey from New York; you could not see Brooklyn or even Governor's Island. But the storm was plain to

see, to hear, to feel, and to fight.

What a storm! What a day! What a crippling of industry! Policemen who did not hide in doorways plodded along the middle of the streets. In Brooklyn a chimney took fire somewhere up at the head of Broadway, and a hose carriage was seen going to it with four horses at the rate of two miles an hour. At Broadway the firemen must have thought all the horse cars in town were huddled there in a hear, for they were blockaded there.

Nassau street from the Tribune building to the southern end of the Vanderbilt building and the Kelly building opposite had become a funnel, a wind-condensing caffon. The gale there swept the flagging clear and took men off their feet so irresistibly that they were seen falling and lying down everywhere, and therewhile the air seemed littered with flying hats and plerced with the yells of the merry idlers who blocked the doorways and looked on at the fun. Cabmen at the Astor House were demanding

five to eight dollars to carry passengers up Broadway below Central Park. Cab horses were breaking down and tiring out, and their drivers were resting them wherever one went. Whoever faced the wind had his breath driven down his throat, his eyes blinded, his ears frozen, and his hands numbed. Whoever went with the gale achieved the velocity of a cutter As is usual when there is snow in the air, the laboring men and the small boys velled at the top of their voices. Never was there heard in New York such a chorus of shouts, curses, ap-peals, idle screams, and peals of laughter,

"How on earth did you get here?" was what each man asked every other man who appeared in the down-town streets.

Every man had a moving tale of hair-breadth

escapes, of blockades and breakdowns, of pugil-istic set-tes with the gale, of mirings in fabulous drifts, of queer sights, of hampered business and snow-choked plans gone in the storm.

The Stock Exchange could not provide the neans for gambling, the banks were without hands to do their work, the Stewart will case in the Surrogate's Court developed nothing but an abandoned court room. THE SUN found its never-hindered energy confronted with a situation wherein reporters could not make their way about, messages by wire would not go or come, and for a time all the news seemed to be of wires down, business suspended, public places gaping tenantless, and only a 'phone wire to Philadelphia and another to Boston in shape

THE EVENING SUN was on deck precisely as if the elements were at rest and a summer calm hallowed the atmosphere. It brought out what it happily called a "Blizzard edition." to find its way to the eager hand of every man on the streets who could read, to be welcomed with exclamations of delight in the clubs and notels, better yet, to do what no other evening newspaper succeeded in doing-to present fully and compactly, and in its own inimitable style, complete view of the atmospheric disaster that had befallen every inch of the country hat could be heard from. Its account of the fate of the great metropolis left nothing to be

As the hours went on and noon drewnigh he storm lost none of its severity. Dusk came and then darkness, and the wonderful visitation was still in progress. Still the streets were banked high with rifts of snow, still the wind roared and howled and bellowed and flung itself against the city's walls, still the horse cars were out off from their tracks and the pillared roads were idle, still the wagons were few, the women were obliterated from the outdoo scenes, the pelting snow and sleet blinded men's eyes, the cold wind numbed man and beast, the uproar of wild voices continued.

The streets were littered with blown-down signs, tops of fancy lamps, and all the wreck and debris of projections, ornaments, and lying on their sides, intrenched in deep snow. lying across the tracks, jammed together and in every conceivable position. The city's sursce was like a wreck-strewn battle field.

Locomotion was especially difficult on account of human helplessness. Men were constantly thrown against one another and were continually falling on the sidewalks. A woman attempting to cross Nassau street was obliged to call for help. She said she had lost her strength, and her clothing was so entangled with her limbs that she could not move. Two men helped her to the sidewalk. Up town. well-dressed women begged the drivers of private carriages to let them into the vehicles. Their manifest helplessness often got them the

opportunities to ride. So flerce was the wind that sparrows could not fly against it. They rested in the windows of THE SUN building, and started out against the air to stand still with wings fluttering vainly. If they attempted to fly with the gale they were hustled along like stones thrown with fearful force.

So amazing, so unprecedented was the situation that at 3 o'clock in the afternoon the only vehicles in Printing House square were two abandoned horse cars covered with sleet stuck horseless in the snow. The only human beings to be seen were a fat policeman knee deep in a drift and three boys on the sidewalk

Clothing, the like of which is seldom seen in town, was brought out. Men appeared in quaint caps, in enormous thigh boots (some looking like theatrical properties), in vast coats of cloth, rubber, canvass, fur, ollskin, sou'westers, Indian moccasins, trousers legs tied at the bottom with twins-everything, anything that could keep out the weather was to be found on the people in the street.

The busiest streets were lifeless, the wires were down at last-not subwayed, but hanging in tatters. The houses were coated with alect, the general tone of every scene was white, the general motion was whirling, the general sound was roaring. When dusk came there was no abatement of

the fury of the blizzard. It howled more and more loudly, accentuated by the darkness and absence of all distracting sounds. New York had at last experienced at least one day with a Western blizzard. At last weather had been felt the like of which no old inhabitant ventured to say he had ever seen in this neighborhood. The city went into its gas-lighted rooms and its heated houses, and its parlors and beds

tired, wet, helpless, and full of amazement.
"Tis an ill blizzard that blows no one good. says the proverb, and in this case the good came to the liverymen. Here is how it worked: A gentleman living near Central Park went to the Fifty-ninth street station of the Third avenue elevated. It was packed, and the people said they had been there two hours. He went home, was thawed and dried, and made ready for another venture. He plodded, be-tween ankle-deep and knee-deep, to the Sixth avenue road. The same conditions there. He turned back and went to a stable. There they would take him to the Post Office for \$10. He would not pay so much, for he did not know that at that time there were no carriages in most stables, and men were paying \$8 to go down town from Twentythird street. While this traveller waited he learned that a carriage was to be sent down to the Produce Exchange to bring a broker back. Could he not go in that for \$57 No; but he could for \$10. He would not pay \$10. Would

he could go for that. He was a lucky man. Others walked or stayed at home.

Men walked to business from the other side of Brooklyn, from Harlem, from Jersey City Heights. Those who chose the main avenues made their way with reasonable ease, but nearly every one had more or less of side street

experiences, and these they will narrate for

AN UNHEARD-OF DAY IN TOWN. Ways Without End in Which that Storm

twenty years, or as long as they may live.

The morning rush down Broadway was a very little one considered as a rush. It was to be called that only because it was the time when there usually is a rush. A thin stream of plodding pedestrians strung along the driftheaped sidewalks struggled down town, snow covered, ice fringed, breathless, and perspiring under the close wraps that were necessary to shut the fine snow out from necks and wrists. They were mostly young men and boys, who were continuing the journey interrupted by blocked elevated trains or stalled street cars. A few elderly men struggled with them in the restless, eager mood that comes of the fact that promissory notes and little matters of

that sort stop not for blizzards.

A few women and girls also faced the storm. They were the weakest and least prepared of any for the contest. Yet many of them laughed gayly as they plunged and slipped along. Others proceeded slowly and painfully, and despite additional pairs of course stockings drawn over their shoes and the most careful use of their meagre wraps they were evidently suffering. They attracted attention and excited pity, no doubt, but no one could spare the time and strength to turn this sentiment into practical assistance. So they helped themselves as best they could, and floundered through drifts and across streets knee-deep with floury snow; or with equal effort tried to brace themselves against the wind whon they struck a clear spot. The contest was bitter, and they were often driven to doorways to gain breath and strength.

In the roadway the yellow cars were few and far between. The reporter saw but three between Tenth street and the City Hall. None of them was making any progress, though in one case six horses were tugging in vain at the traces. One with four horses was in much the same fix, and the third, with a single team, stood motionless, no effort or strength being

left in horses or driver. The vehicles that were getting along were very few. Cabs. coupés, and carriages were the liveliest, while the big double wagons of the express companies seemed to be making pretty good weather of it. Trucks were far from plenty, but their drivers were, as usual, in good spirits and good tongue. One of them advised the three drivers of the six-horse car team to "swim out when you are over your head." As he disappeared in the snow-clouded air a burst of profanity followed him that ought to have melted the snow which clogged the wheels of the car.

BROADWAY STORES SHUT AND SNOWED UNDER. The persistency with which these men and women struggled toward the usual scene of their dally labors was usually but poorly rewarded. The business done anywhere was inconsiderable, and in many cases the doors were closed altogether and half hidden in drifted snow. As late as 10 o'clock in the down-town streets and avenues clerks and shop girls stood shivering in doorways and hallways, sheltering themselves as well as they could, and anxiously waiting for the arrival of the holder of the keys. Only about half, as a rule, of the force in all business houses, banks, and offices was on hand by noon, and this number was not added to during the slow-moving hours of the afternoon up to the time that an early closing was generally determined on to give everybody a chance to try and get home.

In the Equitable Insurance office 98 out of 205 clerks made their appearance, and no offi-cer of higher rank than the assistant cashier was on hand. The offices throughout this and the other big buildings were only half of them opened, and these but half tenanted. Business was practically at a standstill, and one or two elevators were enough in the biggest buildings to take care of all the traffic. Those who ness despite the elevated, surface, bridge, and things would be cleared up during the day, and the home trip would be easy. As the day wore on and this hope faded away they began to regret their success of the morning, and to wish that they had not left home. The scenes of the morning were the suggestion of yet more

trouble to come. Men who had paid \$5 or \$10 for a short carriage ride on the way down, or anything from 25 cents to \$1 for the privilege of using a ladder to climb down from an elevated train stalled be tween stations, were quite naturally prone to wonder how much it was going to cost them to get home, as the conditions had grown worse nstead of better. The only way they could withdraw their minds from these dreary fore bodings was to discuss the peculiar experiences of the city's blizzard day. When snugly ensconced for the time being, it added to their feeling of comfort to relate the incidents they had observed of the details of the hard lot of others. The policemen, the letter carriers, the newsmen, and the milkmen were the principal objects of this kind of attention

WOES OF MILKMEN, NEWSMEN, LETTER CARRIERS The milkmen had all succeeded in getting their supplies from the railroad depots before the storm had developed to its full intensity But in the work of distribution they were caught badly. In many cases it was nearly noon before, with their horses juded and themselves half frozen, they stopped the service with most of their customers supplied. With he newsdealers it was much the same. They got their usual stores of papers in due senson out when it came to serving routes the conditions were such that fow attempted it. Cus. tomars who came after their papers were very welcome to them, but the job of leaving then from door to door was too much for the dealers. They preferred to be "stuck" with whatever unsold papers their luck might deternine. The letter carriers made a great struggle to get out the two early deliveries of Sunday stuff, but so many business places were closed and the work was so difficult, that not much

The policemen were scarcely to be seen. The snow was so thick and their storm-coated uniforms looked so much like everybody else's clothes that it took sharp eyes to tell where they were. But they were on hand when any-thing happened, and that was all the time, for events crowded each other's heels all day long. Falling awnings, signs, and telegraph wires were constantly endangering lives, and not a few parrow escapes were recorded. At 32 Vesey street a section of the iron awning in front of the Metropolitan Hardware Company's store fell under its weight of snow. A postman had just passed under it, and just missed be ing caught in the wreck. In Courtlandt street, Capt. Slevin stopped a lady who was rushing blindly along. A falling sign that the Captain's puick eye had espied fell just in front of her

It smashed a big plate-glass window. Spruce and Nassau streets was one of the preexiest corners down town. Park row and Beekman street was an equally exposed place. Men and women airke were unable to retain heir feet there. They were blown with wildly fluttering garments and most undignified haste across the street and landed in the opposite gutter every which way. The Western Union corner was in some mysterious manner made equally difficult to travel upon. The wind had swept it clear of snow and on its giare ice sur-

the expectation of doing any cusiness, and closed uplic schools were all opened on time.

The public schools were all opened on time, the resident anitors making this a certainty; but the teachers and scholars reported in such meagre numbers that scarcely one of them remained open for an entire session. The slim attendance and the general disorganization of the day made the exercises necessarily brief and unimportant. Some of the children parrowly escaped getting lost on their way home. No schools were open in the afternoon at all.

"WHAT WAS THE DAY MADE FOR?"

A messenger boy, whose errand set his reluctant face against the full fury of the storm, said sadly to a companion. "I wonder what a day like this is made for, any how." He had just floundered through a drift three feet high on the sidewalk in front of St. Paul's Church. It was one of the most peculiar snow formations in the city. Between it and the iron railing of the church yard a space two leet wide was left comparatively free from snow. There is no better way of showing how completely business and traffic were at a standstill than to say that this space was ample here, where a twenty-foot sidewalk is ordinarily all too narrow. Other big and dangerous drifts were on the Park row side of the Post Office. Two men were actually pulled out of it unable to help themselves. One of them, who is supposed to be Herman Oelke of I Cannon street, was so thoroughly overcome by exposure that Hudnut's brandy did not revive him, and he was taken to the Chambers Street Hospital in a comatose condition. On West street the drifts were very deep and the wind that swept over the river was ejercing and strong. Women here had frequently to call upon utter strangers for assistance to get along.

BLIZZARD RIGS. "WHAT WAS THE DAY MADE FOR?"

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BLIZZARD RIOS.

The blizzard rigs of the down-towners were diversified and curious. Oilers in full suits, from sou' westers to rubber boots were seen, and all sorts of necessins and waterproof foot gear were common. Edward S. Innett, one of the Governors of the New York Athletic Club, was one of the best fixed men about. With perfect protection he had provided for a fair degree of activity in getting about. Over a stout pair of walking shoes he had drawn a pair of bieyele stockings that reached outside his trousers above his knees. Over the stockings were ordinary light rubbers. His overcoat was short and he wore a light slik handkerchief about his neek to keen the snow out. A thin skull cap under a soft felt hat completed his costume and made his competed his costume and made his complete his new roll had completed his costume and made his compete source. Some English tourists were his only rivals as to completeness of preparation for the arctic weather, but the homely, though excellent, device of heavy woollen sock overshoes and trousers bottoms was frequently seen. Porters and others who believed in this, but who were frugal-minded, tied bandages or bagging around their feet. The practice of tying the trousers about the ankles to provent the line snow from getting over the tops of galarers and low shows was very general. A large proportion of New Yorkers never wear any heavier loot gear than a caliskin whose or gaiter. These people were in a fine fix yesterday, despite the strings thus brought to their aid. They started out bifthely in the morning in the same spirit that the scoffers felt when they told Oild Noah that it wasn't going to be much of a shower. They got back if they got back at all, with frosted toes, wat feet, and a stock of the seeds of pneumonia, rheumatism, and other ills sufficient for an army. The people unprepared for such an experience as yesterday, and yet sufficiently unwise to venture out and toy with the blizzard, were legion, and th

that his leet were not even wet.

MAILS AT A STANDSTILL.

The mail service of the city succumbed to the storm early in the day. The employees came to their posts pretty produptly, but the carriers went out almost empty handed, as the railway mail service was about paralyzed. Superintendent Jackson of the railway mail service said that all his means of obtaining information were cut off. What little mail was brought in by the collectors and from the sub-stations during the morning was despatched from the general office.

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At 1 o'clock he telegraphed to all the railway termini for advice as to the possibility of getting the afternoon mails out.

Fostmaster Feareon said that the service was about demoralized and that business was nearly at a standstill.

There were forty out-of-town mails due between 4 o'clock yesterday morning and noon. Of these only four arrived—the Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia mail over the Pennsylvania Road at 4:05 A. M., came in the Of these only four arrived—the Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia mail over the Pennsylvania Road at 4:05 A. M., came in the Pennsylvania Road at 4:05 A. M., came in the office at 6:30. The Boston mail due at 4:10 A. M. over the New York and New England Road was received at 6:30 o'elock. The Chicago mail, due over the New York Central Road at 6:45, reached the office at five minutes belore 1 o'clock. The Boston and Springfield express due at 7:05, arrived at 12:40. At the close of the duy's business no other mails had been received, and the exact locations of the trains unknown.

unknown.

You could telegraph Hardly anywhere.

"There is not a single wire working between New York and the South," said Wire Chief Baldwin of the Western Union Telegraph Company in the afternoon. "As early as 9:30 last night we received news to the effect that sixty poles, bearing some of our most important wires, had fallen in Washington. Shorily after that information we lost Baltimore, then we lost Washington, and then Philadelphia. We lost Washington, and then Philadelphia. We have but ten wires to Buffalo, and should have fifty, while to Albany we have not quite ten, and they are working very badly. Our only way to reach Chicago is around by the Lake Shore and Western, through Buffalo. Even those wires may be down before Monday.

As far as Harlem and a little beyond where our lines run in aerial cables we are all right, but past the point where the wires separate we have no connection. Never before in the history of telegraphy has New York been out off from communication with the rest of the world.

The European cables, while all right in themselves, are useless on account of the destruction of the shore lines. Why, we have no connection with Newark, and New Jersey is further away than ever. The damage I cannot even approximate. The sleet storm of 31 was the most destructive ever known before this, the damage running into the thousands. We have hundreds of men rendy to send out for repairs, but cannot send them now, as they could do no work. As soon as the storm ceases we shall at once begin repairing our lines. The Hudson River lines came out better than all, and we have connection with Foughtkeepsis yet. The lines in and around New York will be fixed as soon as possible, the vicinity of the damage making the work of repairing easier. Should the storm abate to-night, we will probably be all right by the end of the week."

The telephone wires, though in short cir-YOU COULD TELEGRAPH HARDLY ANYWHERE.

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TELEPHONE WIRES IN AN AWFUL TANGLE.

The telephone wires, though in short circuits and short stretches, did not escape damage. Even if they had held their own weight of snow and resisted the strength of the wind, the wreck of the other wires would have brought them to grief. There were a great many subscribers who could ring up the central offices, yet it seldom happened that any two of these wanted each other. So the operators spent the day in varying the "Hellol hello!" of every day with an equally monotonous cry of "We can't get them!"

Superintendent Hibbard of the Metropolitan Telephone Company was far from being a cheerful man yesterday. "We are in a bad ilk," said he, "but we cannot tell how qually off we are. We cannot tell how much of our trouble is due to our own wires being down and how much of it is due to other wires being down on ours. In West Eleventh street there are several blocks of poles down. They carried hundred of wires, and many of them are ours. Some of the poles crashed through the house windows, and the wreck was a lively one. At Fulton and Washington streets. Brooklyn, there is another bad mess, and in Mott Havan the breaks and tangies ure frightful. We have a strong force of linemen at work. They cannot climb poles or make repairs in such a storm as this, but they can untangle the wirse, straighten them out of the way of trayol and avoid a great deal or danger."

The Problem of the wirse character.

By S elock the generally hopeless character. THE PROBLEM OF GETTING HOME.

THE PROBLEM OF GETTING HOME.

By 3 o'clock the generally hopeless character of the outlook had entirely depressed those who had ventured out to do business, but who had been rewarded with very indifferent results. Anxious inquiries as to whether any cars were running on the surface or anywhere had been made all day whenever two persons met, and the answer was uniformly discouraging. So the thoughts of home became atronger with every moment, and the wonder of how it was to be reached became greater By 4 o'clock all considerations of business had been outweigned by these, and nothing was left open except the saloous, which had been pretty well filled all day in the absence of any business stir. The absence of the usual crowd down town was a matter of congratulation when the tide set homeward. With not a wheel turning on any

cept on all lours. Many a man rounded it in this fashion careless of the fate of the hat or umbreila that had gone in the first gust.

Mankers idle—Schools closed.

Washington Market's early birds of business men were on hand and ready for customers before the storm had entirely blocked things. But the blockade was around ahead of the buyers, and they were so few that there was really no use for the stand keepers to have opened at all. It is positively stated by some of the marketmen that there was not an average of two customers to each stand in all the people that had visited the place up to noon. By that time nearly every one had given up the expectation of doing any business, and closed up.

The public schools were all opened on time, the resident ianitors making this a certainty; but the teachers and scholars reported in such meagre numbers that accretely one of them remained open for an entire seesion. The slim meages of two combot and ease, determined that there should be no more walking in theirs.

mined that there should be no more walking in theirs.

FANCY PRICES FOR CABS.

It was then a question between getting hotel accommodations or getting n conveyance. And it was speedily developed that there was not enough of either sort of relief to go round. The hackmen were the first to be found in inadequate supply. Such of them as had braved the storm, and there were many who would not on their own account and on account of their horses, were all too few to take the anxious up towners home. The work was too slow and hard for many trips to be made. The Astor House was the best place to see the demand. All below that were exhausted by a o'clock, or engaged at a price that put them beyond temptation, and the improvident men who had rested in the belief that the railroads would be all right by that time, and had not ordered carriages from uplown set their faces toward the Astor House to get cabs there. The down towners had all got \$20 for a trip up town. A coupe or a coach either got this price. In one case it was \$10 apiece, and in the other it was \$5, as four gould be carried. A gentleman with a lady at the corner of Courtlands street and Broadway paid \$20 to be taken to Fiftieih street. Detective Phil Rellly waited three hours for a chance to pay \$5 to be driven to his home in Bank street. He had walked down, and figured that it would be more economical to ride than to take the risk of walking back. The struggle for carriages was very exciting. The starter and the colored boss porter in the corridor were subjected to all sorts of blandishments by the applicants. It finally got to be necessary for a man to canvass the crowd until he found three others who lived near him. Then, by a compact job, with the customary \$5 a had, the Jehu could be tempted. This price was frequently raised to \$10 apiece for four by impatient ones who were afraid of getting left. It looked like big money, but it was killing work, and the livery wan said they did not feel as though they could afford to work their horses even at these pri PANCY PRICES FOR CABS.

DOWN-TOWN HOTELS SWAMPED.

The men who determined to stay down the nand thus provide for both the getting nome and getting back to business in the morning, were soon in as bad a fix as those who sought transportation. The Astor House was the first point of attack naturally. It began very early to turn away applicants for rooms. At 5 o'clock Manager Keefe said that he had refused 400 who wanted to register. Later on he booked some more as a special favor, and gave them cots and shake downs in the corners of the halis. The Eastern Hotel, Sweeny's, and Everett's were soon swamped, At 6 o'clock not a room could be got in any of them. Extracts and all sorts of makeshifts were brought into play, and as many as four men in an ordinary single room was a frequent eccurrence. The opportunities for racketing and unlimited poker were not to be neglected. The stock of playing cards at the stands in the hotel corridors was soon exhausted in every case, and the absence of sleeping accommodations did not bother many of those who got shelter and a dealy DOWN-TOWN HOTELS SWAMPED, absence of sleeping accommodations did not bother many of those who got shelter and a

MACY'S GIRLS SLEEP IN THE STORE, MACY'S GIRLS SLEEP IN THE STORE.

The saleswomen in Macy's store who live too far from the store to walk home and depended on the cars were invited to stay all night by the proprietors. It was a regalar plenic. The men were all obliged to shift for themselves, and walk or not, as they liked. When they were gotten rid of, mattresses were produced, and everything necessary to make the girls comfortable was provided by the firm. The girls thought it great out to camp out in that fashion at lirst, but before morning doubtless many of them wished they were at home.

BUSINESS KNOCKED OUT FLAT. First Time the Weather Ever Floored the

Stock Exchange-Brokers in Carts. It was startling to see how effectually Wall street and the Exchanges, the Clearing House, the banks, the Sub-Treasury, the Custom House, and the business that centres about them were knocked out. All the great Exchanges were practically closed at noon. The slim attendance on the Stock Exchange made the great Board mouraful. Vice-Chairman Henriques was around on time to bang the big ivory hammer that opens the session in the morning, but before him were but twenty-need brokers. There are usually 500. The Wormser brothers, Mr. G. B. Schley, Charley Johnes, and Mr. John Kirkner were in the little band, and Secretary George W. Ely was up stairs in his office thawing out. He and others on the Exchange had ploughed through the snow drifts from their homes up town, some felt flush enough to pay from \$15 to \$35 for cabs tobring them down, but most of them were carried a block or two by elevated trains and were shot along by the blizzard the rost of the way. Mr. Ely said he House, and the business that centres about blizzard the rest of the way. Mr. Ely said he knew of two brokers who were brought down half the way in a butcher cart, but at the Morton House the butcher boy driver and his

half the way in a butcher cart, but at the Morton House the butcher boy driver and his horse gave out, and his passengers did the best they could after that.

Commodore Bateman started out from his home at the Windsor Hotel in a butcher cart, but that butcher boy dropped the doughty Commodore after a block or two, and his passenger struggled back to the Windsor and stayed there. An elevated train which started from Hariem with Brother Jones of Dow. Jones & Go., and a contingent of brokers, was practically abandoned at Twenty-third street, after taking nearly four hours to get there. The brokers flocked to neighboring restaurants and hotels, and the billiard rooms and barrooms were thronged from that time out.

While there were but twenty-one brokers on the floor at the opening of the Exchange, there was even a smaller number of customers distributed through the offices of the 600 and odd active members of the Exchange. The thousands of private wires leading to Chicago. Boston, Philadechia, Washington, and other speculative centres had been snapped like cotton twins, and while the London cables were working, Wall street and all financial and commercial folks were absolutely cut off from their out-of-town constituents. The streets were strewn with broken tolograph wires. Stout cables hanging from swaying telegraph poles parted, and many a struggling pedestrian, in addition to all his misery, was tripped by them.

Shortly before noon, when the attendance on the Stock Exchange had increased to a little over a hundred, it was announced that one wire was working to Chicago. This was a small ray to the benighted, but the blizzard-struck brokers were too indifferent to brighten much. They swapped their experiences with their neighbors on the floor, and finally decided to give it up and shut up shop for the day. Vioe-Chairman Henriques got out his ivory hammer samin and called them around him. This resolution was then adopted:

That it is the sense of the members present that all dea ings, sof ar speasible, be suspended

That it is the sense of the members present that all dealings of ar as possible, be suspended, and deliveries go over unit to morrow. March 13.

Furthermore, all loans were extended until to-day. This is the first time in its history that the weather has knocked the Stock Exchange out. It was closed for a low days during the Black Friday pane, and since then only once on a business day. That was when Viee-President Hill died suddenly on the floor of the Exchange.

After the little throng had decided to quit, it was fligured up that the transactions for the seasion had been 15.200 shares.

There were two cabs in front of Delmonico's when the brokers abandoned the Exchange. One driver got \$35 and the other \$40 to go to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The other brokers got home the best way they could. Many of them went to the offices of the elevated roads, at 71 Broadway, to inquire about the chances of getting up town. They were greeted with a big placard stating that the road was blocked, and they were informed that not a ringle exceptive official of the elevated roads had turned up at the offices.

Judge McCue, the new Assistant Treasurer, managed to get to the Sub-Treasury, but half of his derks were away, and at the Clearing House business was clogged until nearly dusk by the absence of the clerks. All the banks managed to make their clearances, but in several of them certifications were refused because of the meetifications were refused because of the meetifications were refused because of the meetifications were refused because of the sub-Treasure, but in several of them certifications were refused because of the meetifications were refused because of the meetifications were refused because of the meetifications were refused because of the derivation of the meetifications were refused because of the decide.

of the absence of Presidents, cashiers, and tellers.
Collector Magone, Surveyor Reattie, Deputy Collectors Dunn, Guthrie, Nicoll, and McGee, Democrats, were at their posts in the Custom House. Of the force of 1.500 in the Custom House and the Barge Office, 550 were kept House and the branch of the second House on hand, however, were light, as business along the docks was practically abandoned. A good many of the female inspectors were on hand.
The Produce Exchange was closed at 2 colock. When the doors were opened seven stanch men were on hand. At one time there

were ninety-five brokers on the great floor, but all efforts to do business were abandoned long before 2 o'clock struck. Some of the valiant ones were Alex. Meakin, Samuel I. Finlay, James Christie. Hatin Scholar White, and Michael Hennessy. The flour men didn't show up at all. The freight men were without any occupation and sensibly stayed home, and at no time were there over a score piping around the grain pit, where hundreds usually cluster and how. The average daily attendance on this Exchange is 1,700.

The Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange, the Cotton, the Maritime, and the Coffee Exchanges assembled from 20 to 120 persons, where 500 to 1,200 are usually seen. The doors of the Real Estate Exchange were not opened.

doors of the Real Estate Exchange were not opened.

A peculiar and interesting feature of the brokers who braved the blizzard was their demand for fresh linen when they got down town. The few haberdashery stores in the psighborhood of the Exchanges were positively thronged with them calling for fresh collars and shirts that had been soaked and wilted by the shooting and penetrating snow. Mufflers were of no account. The lovy particles scorned them. All the hat stores down town sold cases of Scotch the hat stores down town and rear; but of all the blizzard barons down town the cabmen were the mightest.

HARLEM TO CITY HALL-TIME, SH. 11M. The Horse was Game, but the Man Thinks he Won't Go Back Until May.

A gentleman who lives at 128th street and Sixth avenue and who does business near the City Hall, made the distance in two hours and eleven minutes yesterday morning, probably the fastest time on record for the day. This is the account as he gave it to a Sun reporter: I left my house on 128th street at 916 A. M. and at once discovered that it was snowing. I opened my umbrella, and a howling wind swept around the corner from Sixth avenue and took that umbrella out of my hand and lifted it over the roof of a neighboring flat house. Next my Derby hat flew off my head and went saimming over the snow drifts at the rate of about sixty miles an hour. I let it go, returned to my house, put on an old hunting cap, tied up my cars in a woollen muffler, and started out again to go to my business. I met a friend who relied to me that the Sixth avenue trains were not running, so I steered for Third avenue. Arriving there I found that the trains were not running there either. On Second avenue there were no trains either. The cable road in 125th street had stopped, and business

nue there were no trains either. The cable road in 125th street had stopped, and business men by scores were walking from one L road to another in the effort to go south.

"I had to get down town, and I went to a livery stable to get a conveyanre. There was one cutter, one horse, and one driver left. I hired all three for \$15 and started out. That was at 10:20 o'clock. The driver told me that the horse was liable to run away if he got excited, but he didn't get excited. Well, we started down Third avenue on a fast trot, and then the fun began. The air was so full of little line needles of snow and the wind fore by us at such a rate that that horse staggered about like a drunken man. But he was game. He put his head down and trotted ahead in the teeth of the blast. His mane and tall were masses of ice, and his hide was thickly veneered with it. You know I wear eyeglasses. Well, my eyeglasses were covered with ice so thick that I had to lick it off every five minutes. I couldn't get them clear any other way.

"We passed Third avenue surface cars all the way down. They were all deserted and most of them were off the track. The horses had all been taken back to the stables. The brewers wagons were out, though, out in force, and each one had from four to ten great Normandy horses. Even the great strength of these huge draught animals was not epough to pull the wagons through some of the snow drifts, and the drivers were lashing the portessts with their whips and cursing them with great vigor. The sidewalks wore almost desorted as well as I could see through out in force, and each one had from four to ten great now drifts, and the drivers were lashing the portessts with their whips and cursing them with great vigor. The sidewalks wore almost desorted as well as I could see through my ice-covered glasses. As we kept moving southward at the great speed of four miles an hour, the sleet striking my lace made me feel as if it was raining carpet tacks. My moustache froze soild, my eyebrows did likewiso, and little drivers

Beaten by the Storm at Piret-Mr. Marnes Foots it and Just Misees Perishing.

With the exception of an hour from 9 to 10 A. M. yesterday cars ran on the Brooklyn Bridge at intervals. The bridge was enduring a severe test, but President Howell said that not the slightest vibration was discovered in the solid piers. A northwest storm does not strike the bridge so fair as a southeast or and ice. Regular trains ran yesterday morning to 5:10, when the catle was started. For two hours the cable did satisfactory work, but pefore 8 o'clock snow and fee accumulated on the tracks, and the momentum of the cars was not sufficient to take them to the platforms. Engines had to pull the trains into the stations. The intervals between the trains grew longer. and the crowd which every morning rides over the bridge to New York was jammed up at the entrance of the bridge on Sands street. The string of people became so dense and

The string of people became so dense and so vociferous that the police feared trouble, and wooden bars were put up at the gate in front of the ticket choppers aftor a crowd had assembled on the upper landing. The barriers were broken down, and with a yoil the crowd burst through. They did not gain anything by it except to get under cover. The situation was made more vexistious by an accident on the New York side. A train of three cars was pulled by a motor from the north track a short distance west, when the last car slipped off from the ley rails, and it had to be raised with jacksorews. This caused a delay of considerably over half an hour. Meanwhile the Brooklyn crowd of passengers watted.

The bridge promenade was closed at 6 o'clock A.M. by order of Sergeant Phillips of the bridge police. When the crowd was biggest in front of the boxes a young man who said that he was Mr. Barnes, and was Secretary of the American Exchange, limited, at 162 Broadway, and that he had walked from Greenpoint, begged Sergeant Phillips to let him walk across the bridge, because he feared he would lose his place if he was into, Sergeant Phillips consented, and the young man walked or rather staggered across the bridge until he became benumbed by cold and sore from being knocked against the iron railings by the wind. The policemen in their two snug houses under the towers had been warned by Bergeant Phillips by telephone to look out for Barnes. When Barnes arrived over the land span in New York he staggered and fell. Policemen followed him, and as he did not rise they yanked him to his bridge on trance. Alone, he would have perished.

Some passengers secured cabs to ride across and others chimbed upon trucks.

Superintendent Martin arrived in the middle of the foreneon in a cab and ordered the cable to be stopped, because the grips falled to hold. Trains of two cars and two engines were put on, and afterward three cars and two engines with a headway of from five to ten minutes. In the sternoon the Brooklynites returning caused a b

Chiteren try for Pitcher's Castoria. A period proparation for children's complainte_der

Pyle's Pearline, the latest thing in sonp .-- 46s.

PRICE TWO CENTS. TRAVEL BY RAIL KILLED.

MORE THAN 50 TRAINS STALLED

HELPLESS BETWEEN STATIONS. No Telling Where They Are or What's Become of the Passengers-Only One Train Geta Into the Grand Central-Nene Gees Out-Every Halirond Into New York Beatra, and Abandening the Field for the Day-The Feurth Avenue Tunuel Cacked With Snow-Serious Delays.

Not a train had moved out of the Grand Central Depot all day, and only one had come President Chauncey M. Depew of the New York Central was one of a dozen men in the executive offices who reported for duty.

Fifty were missing. "Well, how did you get here?" was the abrupt question with which he greeted the SUN reporter late in the afternoon.

"I have just received a telegram from Buffa-lo," he added. " which states that the sun is shining brightly there, and that what little ice remains in the city is melting rapidly and running off in water through the gutters. That's

cheering news, isn't it?" The pleasant frame of mind that characterized Mr. Depaw was not shared by his subordinates. Every attempt to communicate with station agents after 8 A. M. had proved unsuccessful. The waiting rooms were crowded with travellers anxious to depart, and persons waiting to hear from friends who were en route to this city. To neither could the officials give the slightest satisfaction.

HAULING IN THE BOSTON EXPRESS.

Nor was the condition of affairs on the New Haven any better. The one train that eucceeded in getting through was a train that had started long before the storm began. The express that leaves Boston at 19:30 P. M., and which is due in New York at 6:20 A. M., got as far as Hartford before any part of the storm encountered. That was 2:41 A. M. The train had started under a comparatively clear Clouds were encountered at Hartford, but the air was mild, and there was no reason to expect anything more than a light rain storm. At New Haven, at 3:58 A. M., snow was coming Blown lightly but regularly. The further the trains travelled from that city the denser the storm became. At Stamford the first signs of the blizzard that was prevailing in New York showed themselves. From thereon the storm was similar to the one that pre-valled in New York. The wind drove against the train and around it so that the engineer didn't know which way it was coming. The storm increased in intensity. Snow drifts had covered the tracks in all places where these creased the heat in the cars and the passengers began to don their wraps. Those that had sleepers piled their overcosts on to their blankets and swore at the porter. Sleep was impossible after leaving Stamford because of the frequent stops and the jerks as the trains started.

The train reached the Harlem bridge three hours late. From there its progress was much impeded, until it finally stopped altogether at Fifty-ninth street. All attempts to move it from there proved futile. A bank of snow fully five feet deep had formed across the track. It was now after 11 A. M., and all the passengers were fully awake and aware of the situation. They got out and discussed the difficulty among themselves. Some were prepared to leave the train, but the announcement that a messenger had been despatched to the Grand Central Depot for assistance deterred them. In a short time an engine came puffing along slowaway in pulling the train through. When the passengers arrived in the depot they were still further disgusted upon learning that no cars or elevated trains were running. Cabs were finally secured by such as could pay \$5 a mile, and the others had to walk. The train was five hours late.

THE STAMFORD LOCAL STUCK AT 110TH STREET. That was the last and only train tolreach the depot. The only other that came anywhere near it was the Stamford local, on the same road. That left Stamford at 5 A. M. It had reached 110th street at 10% A. M. This train was crowded with brokers and business men. The Boston express had passed the same spot wind and snow had put in effective work since then. The drifts were piled so high that it was impossible to pass them. After a number of vain attempts a brakeman was sent on foot to the depot. He had hard work getting there, but his errand was fruitless. The officials had been endeavoring for some time to get an engine through the Fourth avenue tunnel, but had found it now absolutely impossible.

The passengers were furious when the messenger returned with his answer, but there was no help for it. One courageous passenger who was on important business refused to be comforted, and started off on foot. He succeeded in pushing his way through the drifts, and reached the Grand Central Depot by way of the tracks an hour and a half later. He was completely exhaused, and paid \$20 for a cab to take him down town. He refused to tell his name. The remaining passengers stayed in the cars, and took such comfort as they could out of the provisions supplied by neighboring restaurant at the order of the rail-

road company. The leading officials of the ratiroad had become convinced of the danger that lay in the attempt to run trains early in the day. None had been allowed to leave the depot, and frantio attempts were made to reach the agents along the routs. It was impossible to communiente with any of them after 8 A. M. No word had been received from the agent at New Ha-Vernon could not be reached after 8 o'clock. cial connected with the road stated that telegraph wires were down everywhere, and that the poles lay across the tracks in many places. The long-distance telephone owned by the New Haven Company could not be worked either. The tunnel from Fifty-ninth street to Ninety-sixth street was blocked.

THYING TO PEED THE BESIEGED. The train despatcher said that eight local trains on the Harlem division of the road were stalled between stations. As far as possible word had been conveyed to the conductors to supply the passengers with provisions and such other comforts as could be obtained These messages were sent by wire and fast messengers, but their efficacy was admittedly doubtful where the trains were far from caterers and retaurants, and had to depend on the propinquity of farm houses, Superintendent Turner said that he had done all he could to relieve passen-gers, but, in the uncertainty prevailing, could venture no opinion as to their condition. None of these local trains, of course, are fitted with any sleeping accommodations, and the result last night cannot have been pleasant. Not the slightest tidings had been received as to the condition of the trains on the main line, but the superintendent thought that these had all been stopped in time. Where trains were delayed in towns over night the company will pay hotel bills. In the depot a group of con-ductors of the road were gathered. They said that three and four engines had been put on single trains that were stailed along the route, but without any appreciable effect. They said that the tunnel in the city was not only blocked at the entrances, but that the air holes slong the street had simitted the snow in large quantities, and that under these holes the snow was seven feet deep. Where the tracks ran in cuts with banks on each side, the enow had filled un the depressions even to the tops of the banks. They declared that four trains were stalled along the main road be-